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(AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.)

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

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MY DOG.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Who is my friend? Oh! can I tell?
Is it a man? Is it a woman?
Not one I've found, when I know well
Did never (?) let me down.
Tried friends have you could find,
Though ever so good or small;
Could drew back or use that dog of mine,
We're true, firm friends, my dog and me.

I'd like to tell you of a time
When we were both in spirits high,
When everything appeared to shine,
And neither of us pained to sigh;
'Twas in my years of carelessness,
When from my home we wandered forth,
A faithful dog and trusting her,
Through East and West, the South and North.

But oh! how changed and sad since then!
As now my youthful friends are gone—
Oh! well may I remember when
I last them all, yes, one by one.
All! Yes! though all I ever found
That one had not deserted me.
My old friend, faithful hound,
Who now my only friend shall be.

DARKEYSPEAKER V.

(CONTINUED FROM THE NEXT PAGE.)

THE PRIDE OF THE ARENA.

A TALE OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BLACK BAND,"
And other Romances.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

A FIERY TRIAL AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"Oh, don't look 'me up, Mr. Policeman; I didn't know the man who hit you. Oh, let me go, and I promise you I won't be in the street again."

"Come along, you blasted strumpet, I'll show you what it is to tramp the streets with your loafers, layin' for decent people, you may bet I will."

And suiting the action to his words, Policeman Kite, the vigilant and indefatigable guardian of the public peace, dragged in plain clothes for the purpose of arresting the unfortunate presumptuously plying their calling in a thoroughfare of eminence, a unpleasant-looking, settled visaged hands upon a weak, nervous and unresisting female; dragged her roughly along the pavement, side-walk in the direction of the station house of that vicinity.

"Oh, don't drag me so," sobbed the woman, alarmed at the vehemence of the peace officer's movements, while vainly endeavoring to prevent the almost total annihilation of the few articles of flimsy costumery which covered her shivering person.

"If you don't hold your jaw, I'll choke yer," responded Policeman Kite, smarting under the effects of a tolerably powerful blow administered to him by some unknown sympathizer with fairer womanly weight, who had prudently effected his escape before the disguised detective man had thoroughly recovered from the surprise of the sudden assault. "I fully had that loafer of your's here, didn't I train him!"

"Of a pair you two is one you wouldn't, if he was more than half drunk." interrupted a stalwart young man, whose drab cloth overcoat and red flannel shirt denoted him a member of the working classes, attached to a fire company located in the immediate neighborhood of the policeman's beat, "you are only fit to fight women, or you wouldn't be on this lay."

Although the evening was far advanced, the atmosphere was still very warm, a dense crowd, and the scene of the female's apprehension in a comparatively secluded street, faintly lighted by an occasional lamp, quite a knot of casual passers-by had been attracted to the spot by the noise of the woman's supplications and of the policeman's gruff denunciations. The spectacle of a female's ill-treatment, especially when the prisoner supposed both sobre and of a decent condition, never failed to excite the ire of contempt from the male spectators, and consequently the remarks of the policeman met with but a very slender commendation from the indignant crowd.

"May I ask the whole company what it means?" interposed a gentleman, handsomely attired, who had stopped up and scrutinized the pale and haggard features of the girl, who seemed sweet eyes and coldly reproved and produced a strong impression in her favor; "she seems to be ill, and weak."

"She's drunk, the d—d ——," said Policeman Kite, indulged in the application of a most opprobrious epithet, "so come along, while I take you in."

"Well, if she was," again said red shirt, "I aint no use in treating her rough."

"Quite correct," remarked the gentleman, in a more emphatic manner, "

"And I tell yer what," added the fireman, defiantly, "I know your gait, here, now, my tulip, and you aint yer cut this girl enough, I tell yer."

"Mind your own business," muttered the policeman, "or I'll take you in."

"You will, will you," returned the red shirt, carcastically, "you aint a man to take in the right, and of being done nothing to warrant his arrest, he espoused the female's cause with hitherto vehemence the more decisive.

"To humiliate his antagonist, he spoke of his large coats, old top."

"That's the talk, Bit. Bell," interposed a juvenile admirer of the champion, "maybe he'd like to take yer from among the hackers, eh, Bill."

"I wouldn't give much for his smock," added a corner lounger, who had joined the group without any clear perception as to the prime cause of the dispute, but who fell strangely inclined to provoke matters to a hostile termination for the more sake of "sweetness," "if he tackled one of my weight."

"Come long," muttered Policeman Kite, who had released his hold for the moment, as the promenaderions of a contest grew better defined, "don't be hanging back, or I'll rap for assistance come along, quick!"

"Why didn't you talk that way before?" quoth the individual in red, now universally recognized by the familiar title of Bill Bell; "if the girl's done anything agin the law, handle her easy, and have no row."

"The poor thing can't walk," ejaculated the well-dressed gentleman, whose tone and manner exercised a soothing influence over the angry passions of the rude, but earnest sympathizers with her sad condition.

"True, as the stranger remarks, the woman, released from the officer's supporting grip, while making a resolute effort to obey his mandate, reeled from side to side, and then tottering, sank down unconscious in the arms of a bystander, whose presence alone saved her from a heavy fall upon the moist and dirty pavement, with a deep drawn sigh and a quivering lip, her form grew rigid, and gave every appearance of an stricken by the sudden advent of death, so much so, that even the inflexible and relentless Kite stood in comparative dismay at the unexpected shock. Instantly a willing assistance came to the support of the hapless female, and borne to the friendly care of the gentleman, who had first espoused, who mutually assisted in the transfer of their living burden, regardless of prior differences, she was carried rapidly into the presence of the presiding genius at the street station house.

"What's all this about?" inquired the majestic Sergeant Dobbyson, an astute and martial-looking functionary, "and why the fuss?" the duty sergeant, attending a desk of pine deal, was considerably annoyed at being awakened from a fairly sleep, refreshing to his mind, assumed "order in the court—shut those doors—what's it all about? Drunk and disorderly, eh, Kite? Oh, one of your she birds caught, eh?"

"Nothing of the kind, I assure you, sir," interposed the gentleman in black, who had accompanied the cortege into the public quarters from curiosity of seeing the wants of the unknown sufferer, prudently attended to.

"Who spoke to you! What do you want here?" retorted the magistrate Nabbem, rubbing his eyes and slumbering his on the desk, which he was seated, undisturbed from popular profanation by an iron railing of ponderous proportions; "speak when you are spoken to, or out of hole."

The gentleman turned his eyes upon the speaker and spoke composedly, for he was full to poverty that the faculties of the obdurate sergeant had been slightly befuddled by the potations he had seen fit to imbibe to sustain the labors of a day's service. Upon the respectable Bill Bell his clamor produced a totally different effect, for that proudest individual, regardless of the functionary dignity and brass buttons, simply declared the ejaculation of "Oh! dry up, Bob," by way of masking his annoyance at this significant suggestion, Sergeant Nabbem, one, but hitherto, he had been hearing upon the offender a frown of the most dismal ire, and, in a sullen voice ordered the prisoner to be locked up, after which he feigned to relapse into a tranquil doze.

"Oh, don't look me up! I implored the girl, who had been restored to consciousness by the prayer of the woman by indulgence in a coarse joke, that everything had a beginning, and there was nothing like being used to it, which only he delivered to the great amusement of his subordinates, who laughed heartily at the jocundity of their master's wisdom.

"She hain't done anything agin the law," resolutely interposed Bill Bell, volunteering an extemporaneous advisor. "Ask Kite, there, what she did."

"Look here, Bill Bell," retorted the sergeant, vindictively, "don't put your oar in what don't concern you, or you will see Sky Ill fly you."

"To me!" ejaculated the red-shirted champion, with a significant snap of his finger, "I'd like you to jaw in that style arter ed the bunk house, and we'll soon see who's cock of the walk, you had better believe it!"

Then Policeman Kite came to the rescue of his superior, and entered a formal complaint that he found the girl walking the streets, and, having no doubt that she was a prostitute, he proceeded to arrest her, when some male confederate suddenly rushed upon him and dealt him a blow, from the effects of which he had still suffered. Unfortunately for Mr. Kite's revenge, his mysterious assailant had escaped, but he had the satisfaction of apprehending the indirect cause of his calamity.

"Now look here, Kite," interrupted Bill Bell, "I'll bet you wanted to go home with her yourself, and one of the fellers gave yer a galoogoo side of the head."

"Silence!" roared the presiding official, shocked at such an imputation against the character of a policeman, especially charged with the supervision of popular morality within this precinct, "a woman, what's your name?"

"I'd rather not tell it," muttered the young woman, turning aside her face.

"You've two or three, at least," demanded the sergeant, authoritatively, "although you are now in the business; I dare say, so give us one."

"I have only one," replied the girl, nursing into tears. "Kate Eastman."

"Where do you live?" continued Nabbem, in a tone of indifference, as he inscribed her name on the police sheet. "Where's your house?"

"I have no house," responded Kate, and she sighed most poignantly.

"The devil you hain't!" retorted the official gruffly; "well, we'll provide you with one, if you don't mortify monies on the island."

"Mr. Sergeant, if you please!" interrupted the woman disconsolately.

"Well, that's too short," quoth the immaculate Nabbem, jocosely, "we'll make it a twelvemonth. It's a clear case, Kite, so take her down."

"Stop a little, if you please," Kate Eastman cast an imploring glance upon Bill Bell and the stranger, as if to invoke their interposition in the duty which attending a charge of a guilless insurrection. The gentleman would have gladly assisted the unfortunate, but he was unable to command "order in the court—shut those doors—what's it all about? Drunk and disorderly, eh, Kite? Oh, one of your she birds caught, eh?"

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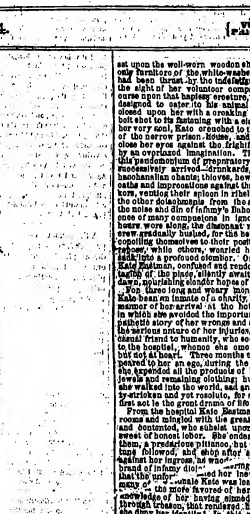
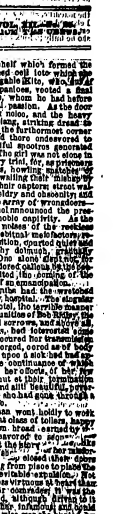
JOHN E. OWENS—COMEDIAN. For Biographical Sketch see another column.





set upon the well-worn wooden shelf which formed the only furniture of the white-washed cell into which she had been thrust by the indefatigable Kite, who, at the sight of her whilome partner companions, vented a final curse upon that hapless creature, whom he had before designed to enter in his unique season, as the door closed upon her with a creaking noise, and the heavy bolt shot to the fastening with a clang, striking dread to the heart of the poor outcast in the furthermost corner of the narrow prison-house, and there endeavored to close her eyes against the frightful spectres generated by an overjaded imagination. The girl was not alone in this condemnation of poverty, for, in the early trial, for so frequently succeeding arrived drunkards, howling, maledictory bacchanalian chants; thieves, bewailing their "bitter luck" and imprecations against that unlucky star which always, venting their spleen in rhetoric and obscenity, and the other delinquents from the service of prostitution—the noise and din of infamy's Bahel announced the presence of many unfortunates in lamentable captivity. As the hours wore along, the discordant noises of the restless crew gradually hushed, for the habitual inebriates, succumbing themselves to their potation, sported quiet and rather, while others, wearied by debauch, gradually sank, down in a profound slumber. One alone slept not, for Kate Eastman, confused and rendered callous by the effects of the morning's hurry and the dawning of the dawn, nourishing slender hope of an immediate release.

For three long and weary months had the wretched Kate been an inmate of a charity hospital. The singular manner of her arrival at the hotel, the terrible manner in which she avoided the importunities of Bob Bigby, the pathetic story of her wrongs and sorrows, and above all, the serious nature of her injuries, had interested some liberal friend to humanity, who secured her transportation to the hospital, whence she emerged, cured as of body but not of heart. Three months upon a sick bed had appeared to her an age, during the continuance of which she expended all the produce of her effects, of her jewels and remaining clothing, but still that consolation she walked into the world, sad and still beautiful, poverty-stricken and yet resolute, for she had gone through a first set to the great drama of life.

From the hospital Kate Eastman went boldly to work rooms and mingled with the great class of toilers, hungry and downtrodden, who subsist upon bread earned by the sweat of honest labor. She endeavored to procure work, them, a precarious pittance, but the hungry ——— was too following, she slept after a ——— ——— against her ingenuous wants ——— ——— closed their doors against her, fearing from place to place the ——— that the unfortunate ——— and her inevitable expulsion. Not ——— ——— ———

discharged, her sprehender reprimanded, and Mr. Bell, commended for his disinterested management of the case, decision which that gentleman took of the Justice's eligibility during as conclusive evidence of his unfitness for re-nomination.

"Am I free?" murmured Kate, who had watched the proceedings in a species of stupid amazement, "and can go from here?"

"Certainly you can, my poor gal," responded Bill Bell, gallantly extending his arm and leading the fair prisoner to Kate to accept his protection with the air of a knighted cavalier, "and the sooner the better, for if we don't hurry up the Board mebbe will take back their word."

Despite the unfortunate Kate's haggard appearance, and the disordered condition of her garments, the free and gallant gentlemen her exodus from the court room with equal pride and gratification, as a prince would have led a bride from the altar. Committing herself wholly to his guidance, confident in his ability to protect her, although unacquainted as to the direction of her home, the poor prisoner, the fair and timid girl leaned affectionately upon his stalwart form and journeyed along, reanimated in spirit and refreshed in bodily strength.

"Lord bless her heart," murmured Bill Bell to himself, as she arrived safely at her destination, glances on the pale, yet handsome features of his female companion, "next to the machine, she's about as pretty a gal as I've seen since I classed eyes on." And then he added in a tone of honest exclamation, "Gosh darn the gals her new duds on, won't she be lofty to look at? Yet may bet your life she will."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

REMOVAL.

The Office of the New York Clipper is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 2 Spruce street, at which place we shall be ready to see our friends hereafter.

To Correspondents.

A Correspondent Boston, Goodrich, C. W.—"Pocahontas, A and B are to run a race on 4 straight course, mile heats, best two in three, time allowed for walking between heats, 30 minutes. A bets the first heat and they agree to run in the second, A falling first heat, and a shoe, he got a shoe on, arrived at the goal, and claimed the second heat behind time, and the race decided by B's of course lost the 2d heat because of losing his shoe and being behind time on the map. A claims the race because Sandal A did not start in time. A waited to run the 3d heat best 2 would win money and B claims that the race and stake belongs to B's according to the rules of the turf. Please decide."——As there was no distance, and A betting on the first heat, he was not compelled to start for the second heat, but could allow B 2 hours over and take it. But B refusing to start for the 2d heat and deciding heat, when each horse had got a heat, A won the race. A should have galloped over, and claimed the stake.

Reversalist.—"In a suffic for a horse, a bet was made which I now simply ask you to decide. A bet on a 3 mile heat, betting even that A will wind up the horse. Another party threw at also, betting 2 to 1. At the conclusion of the 3 mile, the horse went off, and the latter 44 beat the former. Which won the bet?"——As "2 to 1" wins the bet, as 44 did certainly beat the horse. The throw of was merely to decide which 44 should take the "extra entries."

Jas. Ord Shreveport, Mahaska, Ohio.—"A and B play a game of All Fours; A has two to B's one. A and B agree to play a game of 5 points, but B makes his Jack before high and low are shown. Who wins the game?"——A wins, of course, inasmuch as it cannot be scored after high and low, notwithstanding B may be made before the others are played or shown. The game is scored as follows: 1 for high, 1 for low, 1 for game, but not otherwise.

G. F. M., Binghamton.—"Did Joe Coburn issue a challenge to Jemmy Red Price after their bante in 1860? Also state the number of fights he has fought by Coburn."——Joe Coburn never offered to fight any man in America except John C. Heenan, after his fight with Tom Sayers in England, his challenge was accepted by Coburn and Joe Coburn was ready to do so, but nothing ever came of it. After Heenan's defeat Coburn offered to fight any man in America. Coburn has fought three prize battles.

A Bar Tender.—"At a meeting of the Junior Convention, one of the resolutions took place in favor of a prize for the Junior, and no both a Junior and Senior club. On to play in a match against the Junior. Is it right? Is it fair? Is it in accordance with the rules of the Junior Convention whether he can or not."

A. B. C. and Others.—"Is a wager of stakes on a 50 blind, 10 straddle, 10 blind, coming into $10; what does it cost? to 50, 10 to the blind, 10 blind to straddle, 10 straddle to 50, 10 to 50 blind, 10 to 50 straddle?"——Is cost 0 $20. 2. Straight poker and blind man is lawful.

Thos. Bass, Camp Nelson.—"You are right, and your friend is wrong, and he can pay the bet. Jack Ketch is a name given to a hangman, in cribbage, he counts twenty-four points, viz., 8 by fifteen, 8 by pairs, and 8 by sequence."

C. Gossman, Cincinnati.—"Our reporter was sent to Ireland for the express purpose of reporting for the New York Clipper the course of Irish sports, and Mr. Bell, the gentleman and Mr. Bell, the gentleman, and our reporter will be here to report the fight."

J. A. Ely, Tarrytown.—"I have forwarded to your address and we will send you the rules of the New York Quoit Club. 2. No special notice is required for a match, but it is not quite better than you say. 3. See Draught Column next week.

C. O. Looney, St. Louis.—"Has the man who handles his dog for a living a chance to the value of the pot, and suppose the dog won the pot, who was stopped?"——He has not.

C. W. C., Rome Point.—"Is it not true for choice of place will Monday, 26th Sept., in Boston, and at the time of going to press we have no information to the contrary.

Old Fenian.—The best fled for smoking birds is boiled potatoes, and had boiled egg mixed with lean, very best, cut very small. Pepper and salt according to taste. Stuffing is a matter of taste.

J. E. P., Albany.—1. The only plan is to keep her locked up. 2. Mr. Wm. Gavit, 6 The Ivy Green, London, E. C. 3. Yes, and is now in California.

J. J. McC., Cincinnati.—"A bet B that President Lincoln was a member of the House of Representatives; B says no. Who wins?"——Lincoln.

C. W. C., Canton, Hartford.—Your advertisement was inserted last week. We give you the benefit of the doubt in regard to the other condition.

W. A. W., Hot Island.—We have no opinion to give as to who is the best, such may exist in cities, but we know of no such in the others.

W. D. Bryan, Steady Station, Va.—Your subscription expires with No. 26 of the present volume. The prize was never published in book form.

J. K. Columbus.—Miss Fanny B. Price has no relative on the stage by the name of Price; she is a niece of the great comedian, Mr. Joseph Jefferson.

Subscriber, Hoboken.—Inquire of any bookseller for a work on chess and draughts, and you will find them of any number you desire.

William street.

Gaum, Boston.—1. It is game. 2. We cannot decide who had the best of the question.

H. D. Gaston, Schenectady.—Address Charley White, care of Jack Rouke's office, this city.

Reps Abbey, Houghton.—Ben Mace and Tom Sayers never fought in the prize ring or anywhere else.

J. S. M., Middleport, Pa.—1. We think not. 2. The chances of present look favorable for him.

Moses Hayes, Philadelphia.—Your paper is sent from this office regularly every week.

C. G. Bevan.—Charles Pall made her debut under Nixon's management as Amina, in "La Sonnambula."

M. J. S., Troy.—Items always acceptable. We have no regular correspondent in your city.

Rice Jones, Norfolk, Va.—The lady has been married, but is divorced.

W. T. Banger, Ma.—Drop a letter to the lady; you may accomplish her wheabouts by looking over our dramatic summary.

Wm. Constable.—Address is replied to by letter.

Hiram.—Reply to Frank Brown, No. 6 Bank Place, this city.

Old Fenian, Lesoport.—Freemont had no electoral ticket.

Robert Adam.—We have an English letter for you.

G. H., Cincinnati.—We publish no books.

Rose & Co., Brooklyn.—No $8 will.

A. W. W.—We have no record of March's best time.

Responsible.—In another part of this paper we give an account of a southern sporting event, in our Tyler, in Maryland, between Chambers and Cooper, which, after two trials, was decided in favor of Chambers. In the first day's race, Chambers got into some sort of difficulty, which delayed therefor to take the lead, getting his horse clear, Chambers caught up to his opponent, and here a foul occurred, which compelled Chambers to give up the contest, his boat being nearly swamped. Now as Cooper was ahead, Chambers, it appears to us, must have been the cause of the foul in his anxiety to go past his opponent; but Chambers "had the crowd with him," who pointed out the proper course to his opponent, and Chambers shortly left the route, while poor Cooper had no encouraging voice or hand to cheer him on he pulled the entire distance, and supposed he was outlied "on the stakes, but it was decided that the race should be repeated over, and as Chambers went in ahead the second day he was declared the winner." It looks very much as if Cooper was cheated out of the race through the influence of Chambers' crowd.

A NEW RACE COURSE FOR NEW YORK.

The people of New York city have at last secured a race course, to which the access is alike easy, cheap and expeditious. One great cause of the decline of the sports of the turf in this locality has been the difficulty of access to the public course on Long Island, on which race meetings have hitherto been held, and the annoyance and inconvenience, both in going and returning, to which the public were thus unwillingly subjected. It is now due to the establishment of the Paterson Meeting, and the excellent arrangements which the managers effected for the conveyance by rail of New York visitors to their races, last week, that a measure, with this objection, and conducted that meeting highly popular with New Yorkers. But, the distance to Paterson, stations miles, is too great for those parties who prefer the cool of the rail, and would be loth to lose half their own leisure and convenience, returning when they thought fit, than subject themselves to the relentless punctuality enforced upon all who render their selves dependent upon the railroad corporations for their conveyance home. The new race course in question, and which is termed the Hoboken Course, is situate at Secaucus, only four and a half miles from the Hoboken and Jersey City ferries, and a mile distance from the Forty-second street ferry, on the Paterson plank road; the drive being so exceedingly beautiful one, and over an excellent road, that, if all else failed, it would be quicker, as the trains of the Erie Railroad stop at the station within a couple of hundred yards of the track, and the fare is fixed at a low rate (forty-cents cents) for round trip, and to the excursion within the means of all classes. The course itself is pronounced by experienced turfmen to be, without a single exception, the very best in the United States, as far as the nature of the soil and the perfect formation of the track is concerned. The managers are an association of gentlemen representing the intelligence, influence, and wealth of Hudson county, who are desirous of enlivening the sports of the turf, and making it, in a strictly honorable and liberal management, and consulting the comfort and interests of the public, give additional impulse to the revived popular taste for the amusement. The Hudson County Jockey Club meeting of this Association, which is called the Hudson County Agricultural Society, commences on Tuesday, September 27th, and continues over three days. All the purses and stakes have filled, and a capital sporting programme, with a full and complete column will be found full details of the programme of the meeting, and a list of the stables of horses already located at the track.

A Proposed Change in Billiard Chairs.—It has been proposed, and the question is now being pretty generally discussed, whether it would not be better for both players and salons that the chairs should be placed at the ends of the tables, rather than by the game. We vote for the "time principle," principally because, when good players take the one, and play three, or perhaps four games an hour, they have to pay a dollar, while the tyro, who takes an hour to play a game, and is seldom seen in the room with a twenty-five cent stamp. It is plain to be seen, therefore, that the more skilful the "cooler" is, the more he must pay for his whistle, and that is not just to him, while the other party pays for what he has, and knows nothing, and thus is not profitable to the saloon keeper. There are other reasons in favor of the change, but the above is enough to convince those interested in the game that the change on time is the better method.

Stopped.—Early, the defeated General commanding the rebel forces in the Shenandoah Valley, sent a flag of truce to Sheridan to stomp that State for Jeff Davis, when Gen. Sheridan met him, and put an end to his electioneering campaign for the present. Much praise is due to Gen. Crook for the part he took in the two battles which resulted in the rout of the rebels. Things begin to look a little squally for the Johnnies.

All Hail.—Misfortunes never come singly, it is said, and the rebels are experiencing the truth of this old saying. Sight on the heels of Sheridan's victory in the Shenandoah comes the report of the surrender of Mobile, Farragut, Gen. Canby, and a gunboat, and making another strike toward the end of the rebellion.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

Joe Coburn vs. Jim Mace.

THE COLORS OF THE MEN.

News by our latest foreign exchanges in regard to this promised pugilistic event is not very abundant, the usual great number of sheer generalities occupying the greater portion of their columns. Why this indifference exists we cannot explain, unless it is simply because the parties to the contemplated fight, however, will not receive from the turf, or sporting fraternity, the encouragement they, in a pecuniary point of view, would receive if the foreign papers do complain about this great match will be found to be a very unremunerative affair.

"The next deposit of £50 a side is to be made on Tuesday, Sept. 13, at the Bell Inn, Hendon, Middlesex, when the final deposit of £100 a side will have to be put down on the following Tuesday, at Sherman's, Bishopsgate, E. C. It is to be hoped it will not be forgotten that on the 22d inst., unless an actual place of fighting has been agreed upon, the stake or stakes deposited are to be lost for choice of some place in Ireland within 100 of, and over 50 miles from Dublin, and the remainder of the money, if any, of the sums applicated for the final deposit, or in the event of that not being made, the deposits made at Sherman's office become void and two on the following day. Both men are hard at work and confident of success, and, if they do not meet, it will be no fault of theirs, and believe Coburn's friends are hiding their time in hopes that he may get a chance of a fight with Heenan, and that the man should hastily themselves as to the ways and means of the management of the ruffian."

Place's colors can be obtained on application to Harry Brunton, Book-keeper, Sherman's Office, Bishopsgate, and is a blue silk ground, with broad imperial purple full-inch border, granted by Queen Victoria, and worn by Mace. The colors of Coburn, Allen, also of Tyrian hue, gives a fitting and appropriate representation of the Tyrian Queen, and the Tyrian dye, the most memorial grouping of sentimental can leave. At the four corners are worked the name, shamrock, thistle, and rose, the whole beautifully and artistically colored and a perfect gem, in fact they are worthy of the prize, and the people generally, throughout the country, have called upon to represent. The description over the medal, which is to be presented to the victor, is "Championship of the World, Oct. 4, 1864," and T. M. in silver letters, and a wreath of laurel and shamrock, and the medal is a square of 2½ inches in heightand breadth.

Coburn's colors can be obtained at Nat Langham's, in the city, and are. It is an emerald green ground, a color from time immemorial, and ever, the emblem of the Irish people, and, in large type, yet strongly typical of the sister isle. In the centre is the golden harp of Erin, and the ground work is an ordinary wreath of laurel, compartments of red, white and blue, the red border, and interspersed with white and blue stars. The shamrock is so set as to form a rule (Coburn's name) in the centre, by red, white and blue, intermingled also with the American star.

Sporting Life, Sept. 24.

"All about this great match is at a stand-still, as far as is thing is concerned, and we do not anticipate any change in the proceedings, and there are no signs of any speculation on the result. The forfeit, amounting to £50 a side, has been duly deposited by the usual silence as to the respective merits of the man, in consequence, we believe, of the mutual absence of the men's friends whom have any authority in the matter. The stake of fifty pounds a side is to be made on Tuesday, next, and so, it is said, are those of Coburn—but they are stiffer in Ireland, and consequently, we suppose, the whole business is to be found for the chief part in or near the metropolis, so they will be ready to be a great deal of money, and the Irish will be backers of Mace in their own quarters. The time, however, is short, and we hear that the men are in good condition, and that men are well and confident, no doubt a good fight will result. Those who may be in London, and desirous of seeing the fight, bring the money down into £400 a side, has to be staked on Tuesday, Sept. 27, at Mr. Sherman's, Three Pigeons, Bishopsgate, between eight and ten, P. M. The choice of the men are still to be made, and, we believe, it will be left to Mr. Bell and Tom Sayers, Beach-street, Barbican. Joe Coburn's may be obtained at Nat Langham's, in London, and at Mr. Walsh's, Whitechapel, Liverpool. Both may be had on the tariff, a guinea each, and no other terms. Coburn is 5 feet 9 in.

The Boston Championship.—Woodhead and Maddock have again stated £5 a side, at Bob Travers', Gun and Tinkers Canal, they are to meet on Thursday, Oct. 6, at Hoyt's, Hall, at Ben Tyler's, Founders Arms, Osborn-street, Whitechapel.

William H. Gardner, of the 19th Iowa V. L. now at Dayton, Ohio, desires information as to the residence of his parents, sick and fainting, he was left behind, and has served on the road since 1862; it on they were at Pittsburgh, Pa. They have lived in Somerset and in Johnstown, Pa. Any information concerning them will be thankfully received. Pennsylvania and other papers please copy.

Theresa Gardner, of Quincy, was played at England's Quoit Ground, Quincy, Mass., on Friday, Sept. 23, between Tom Sexton, the veteran Philadelphia quoiter, and Gardner, a Quincy quoiter, for $5 a side each game. Sexton won two out of the three games.

Two First-Class Cricket Matches take place this week, the first between the First Eleven of the Young Men's Club of Philadelphia, and the First Eleven of the St. George Club of New York, on Second between the Young Men's Club and the Club of Brooklyn, on Wednesday, Sept. 28th and Oct. 1st. The Club of Brooklyn will be in Philadelphia, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st. The Club of New York includes Messrs. C. H. Ward, Wm. Wisker, Wm. Wisker, Jr., Newbolt, R. M. Ward, J. A. Varnon, W. C. Wright, H. H. Newbold and J. Leavitt. The St. George Club are quite well, of course, being out their name, and, as the play will be almost wholly between American and English cricketers, excitement will run high, and a large attendance will be the consequence, no doubt, providing the weather is favorable.

Gardner.—Betting a challenge from Harry Jennings to fight a Warwickshire Jack pug against Joe Bailey, and any weight will fight him at 45 lbs. weight, for $100 or $500, the fight to take place in six weeks time from the stakes being made, to Sept. 28.

Raymond Gibson,
No. 202 Centre street.

BILLIARDS.

BIG BILLIARD MATCH IN BOSTON FOR $1000,

BETWEEN B. A. WILMARTH AND HARRY EATON.

A brilliant match of more than ordinary interest was played at the Music Hall, Boston, on Tuesday, Sept. 27, in the presence of at least five hundred lovers of the game, between B. A. Wilmarth, of Boston, and Harry Eaton, formerly of Chelsea, Mass., but now of San Francisco. They played the American Billiard Game, 1000 points, 18 inch balls, 4½ inch four-pocket tables, with 2¾ inch balls, 1600 points up. Mr. Wilmarth, of Boston, acted as umpire for Wilmarth, and John Peck for Eaton. Orville Allen, of Branch Richard Hall, Boston, and Mr. Hosmer, of Boston, acted as scorers and bookkeeper. The match was commenced at quarter before 8 o'clock, Wilmarth winning the first game, 100 to 74, Eaton, 100 to 0, scored 93. The opening score proved to be indicative of the remainder of the game, Wilmarth winning the game, 1600 to 1000, he leaved run in the game (146) was made by Wilmarth, on the 46th inning, and he also made a run of 116 on the 19th inning. The largest run made by Wilmarth were 146, 116, 71, 64, 63, 61, 43, 40 and 39, Eaton's largest run was 93, and he got 80 twice, 70, 61, 54 and 53. After playing an hour and a half, on the 51st inning the game stood, Wilmarth, 1000, Eaton 818. At half-past 10 o'clock Wilmarth had 1029, and Eaton 879. Four hours and a quarter were occupied in the game, the last game being 1600 to 1000, at which time Wilmarth had 1600 and Eaton 718, the latter then looking the game of run of 18, followed by ten innings in all were played. The match not being very close, less interest was manifested than might under other circumstances have been the case. The game was remarkably orderly and good-natured, and took proper notice of many difficult and skilful shots made by both parties. The balls used in the match had but remarkably "hard luck"—the ball being in the pocket repeatedly, and the game would have been much more in favor of the scorer, as some future time.

THE POOR.

Eaton. Shot.	Total.	Wilmarth. Shot.	Total.	Eaton. Shot.	Total.	Wilmarth. Shot.	Total.
0	0	56	56	0	0	0	0
2	2	9	65	56	56	0	0
0	2	0	65	0	56	0	0
4	6	0	65	0	56	0	0
0	6	0	65	0	56	0	0
0	6	0	65	0	56	0	0
0	6	4	69	63	119	0	0
0	6	0	69	0

BALL PLAY.

Matches Arranged.

Sept. 27—Buffalo vs. Empire. Return game at Newark.
" 28—Active vs. Enterprise, at Bedford.
Oct. 5—Active vs. Empire, at Hoboken.
" 6—Mutual vs. Eureka. Return game, at Hoboken.

THE GRAND INTERNATIONAL MATCH AT ROCHESTER.

CANADA VS UNITED STATES—THE LATEST BOAT VICTORIOUS—THE TWO GRAND CHAMPIONS OF WOODSTOCK, O. W. VS. ATLANTIC OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE ATLANTICS THE VICTORS BY A SCORE OF 75 TO 11.

In our issue of the 16th of Sept., we gave a brief sketch of the career of the Young Canadian Club of Woodstock, C. W., a town located on the Great Western Railway between London and Paris about seventy-five miles from Niagara Falls, and we then referred to the fact that the young Canadians were desirous of receiving some practical instruction in the game at the hands of the noted Atlantic Club, the new recognized champion club of the United States for 1864. In order to achieve this object, a letter was sent to us by the Secretary of the Atlantic Club, which appeared immediately challenge to the Atlantics to meet them at Rochester during the time of the championship of the American Continent. The letter duly reached the Atlantics, and the challenge was promptly accepted, and on behalf of the Atlantic Club, and the game took place on the Genesee Square ball ground, Rochester, on Thursday, Sept. 29, 1864, the spirit indeed, the Canadian boys of the Atlantic Club by a score of 75 to 11 in a full game of three hours duration. Before we proceed to give the particulars of this match we will briefly refer to the successes obtained by the two contesting clubs in the game. The Young Canadian club was first organized in 1861, since which time up to the 23d of Sept., they had not sustained a single defeat, and their success may be estimated by the aggregate scores of the last seven games they have played, the score being 1,000 to 0, they defeated the oldest club in Canada—the Maple Leaf of Hamilton—in three games, the last one by a score of 50 to 0, and the last game played from the Detroit club by a score to 29 to 0, and the last game they played were won by a score of 27 to 0. It could thus be seen that their pretensions to the title of Champions of Canada were based on no slight grounds. The Atlantic Club, of Brooklyn, is well known to every reader of the CLIPPER, and therefore all that need be said about both clubs is that they have thus far won every game they have played. The aggregate scores of the games they had played up to the time of including their games with the Canadians and Rochester Club, were 870 to 0. The latter game they obtained in a match game at bat with the Canadians; the Goldum Club, of New York, giving them several rub of the season, and the Empires making a the game with them in one inning. They defeated the Gothams by only a score of 18 to 17; the best game the club ever been played being Brooklyn, in which the Atlantics defeated them by a score of 45 to 7. They defeated the Philadelphia club—four games being played—by a score of 29 to 27, and in the second game they played on their last trip, they won by totals of 159 to 18. They have played twenty-one matches in all, and last year, it being the most brilliant season in the annals of the club. Starting the season on Thursday October 1st, they began to play at Jones' Square, and by the time the players took their positions to commence the game, everyone desirous for viewing the proceedings was occupied. Quite a bevy of ladies were present among the spectators, the assembled crowd numbering about four thousand. The Atlantics were the first to go to the bat, their three first strikers scoring runs, Duane being well put out at home base by Pascal, in trying to secure his run, Sprague and Smith being second and third out, Duane well taken by Pascal, by Douglass and Mealey in the outer field, Galvin and Pratt previously scoring their runs, Galvin being put out at home by their share of the inning's play. The Canadians then went to the bat for the first time, Pascal and McWhinney being put out at first base by Sprague and J. Wilson on a big bound, Jackson being left on the base. The Atlantics then went their second innings, and having got the range of Clyde's pitching, the boys were not to be skinned both long and strong, Douglass by their batting was a caution to go country clubs. J. O'Brien, Smith and Ludwig scored their runs, Douglass the first man had been put out, Chapman being the victim of Douglass, Yeoman being put out by Gallagher, being put out at first base, Crane previously playing a home run to the score. In the second innings the Canadians had put out nine more runs were added to the score, Sprague being put out by Douglass, Pratt being caught by J. Wilson and Smith by O'Brien, Pascal and Smith each scored three runs in this inning, and added to this, the Canadians were permitted to make their first run, Douglass being the lucky man, this third at the close of the second innings being in favor of the Atlantics by a score of twenty-six to one. This result of course depressed the spirits of all Canadians present, but as the victory was concerned, for it was plainly apparent that the Canadians had not a chance of a chance. It is but fair to state that the heavy score against them did not lead them to relax their efforts at all; on the contrary, they put in their best work, and in the next two innings they made the Atlantics draw blanks, while they themselves added to their score, in the third and fourth and 5th innings, however, the compliment was handsomely returned by the Atlantics, the Canadians being kept in their score, the total at the close of the sixth innings being forty to one, the Atlantics at the close of the innings being in favor of the Atlantics by a score of twenty-six to one. This result of course depressed the spirits of all Canadians present, as far as the victory was concerned, for it was plainly apparent that the Canadians had not a chance of a chance. 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THE ACTOR'S FATE.

[illegible]
[illegible] Who toils the bright creation
[illegible] Of the man and the nation,
[illegible] Who wins the actor's station
[illegible] Only of public favor?
[illegible] Who, in his high-minded labor
[illegible] Always gives Fashion pleasure,
[illegible] Never one thing to offend her,
[illegible] Better plan the harvest fair,
[illegible] Toiling for the bright ideal?
[illegible] "What a Sisyphus-like labor!
[illegible] Never growing at the top!
[illegible] Thus his best of life is wrecked,
[illegible] Yet who shun the stage's schools,
[illegible] Wedding by and primary rules,
[illegible] Table have the bitter chalice
[illegible] Of the very actor fate.

[illegible] Flag at night in strutts splendid,
[illegible] From the green room to the stage
[illegible] But when day is at noonlight
[illegible] Then is not the huge page
[illegible] Such him? Is the manhood lonely,
[illegible] Pouting o'er the morrow's part,
[illegible] Giving smiles to smile only,
[illegible] Where man never read the heart.

[illegible] In the present ever hundred,
[illegible] Nowhere to be hid in sorrow,
[illegible] Secret favorite supplanted
[illegible] In the weary path to fame,
[illegible] Still the hissing goes before him,
[illegible] Death secures his triumph,
[illegible] And some friend pronounce and marks o'er him,
[illegible] "Have a brother actor lie."

GOING FOR FISH

AND

Catching a Duck.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY PLUTO OF CORINTH.

[illegible] Boys of your readers are aware, but not all of them, that there is a pond of "old Boyle" in Westchester County, [illegible] "Alex Boyle" can hoy by roll" from the city, where [illegible] there is a genuine "Sportsman's Hall." Where fishing and other good things can always be found. This is not a pond of real Monongahela, but the water is pure and [illegible] good in a mixture of Glard of Bourbon, as we can testify from [illegible] experience.

[illegible] and of a scow when we went there pickerel fishing a few days ago, this chapter bounth testimony.

[illegible] there was a choice party of us, some Gothamites, one [illegible] two country gents, a broker of Hamill's from the [illegible] city of Pittsburg, and a fair sprinkling of the [illegible] second part of creation, commonly known as gut-[illegible] ladies.

[illegible] We got there early, and get Prince Jerome to prepare [illegible] the usual lines, baits and so forth, for a grand time. [illegible] The marvellous did honor to the name of the poet by [illegible] speaking of some old "Pitch Pine" and "Hook" and thought, "all the way from Pittsburgh, and the criminlies took in it [illegible] a number of funnends and other good things for [illegible] fishing.

At last the boats were ready—one, at moment while [illegible] boat named the Jack Bunts, was selected by your humble servant and a couple of others, who meant fish, and not the land fishes. The "Jack" is a fine "Jack" and boat, was selected by King Alexander, our hero from old Pittsburgh, who of course had a lady of fair ones with him, for he is a "lady" of the first water. Another [illegible] which once did duty as a fourth oarsmen to a skiff [illegible] to the lady of the party, and well suited, throughout with handiness, we started for the fishing ground. [illegible] "We in the old boat, with the "Jack" and "Pitch" and good tackle, and pilotin by a gallant fellow who had spoilt his school to pilote in the Army of the Potomac, [illegible] were soon having in three and four pound pickerel with [illegible] The party in the outer boat, more ambitious, were [illegible] fishing perforce close in shore, taking suntuis and [illegible] perch by the book if not by the bushel.

[illegible] Soon we had the lines all in the water, and [illegible] the boat, opposite at the end of it, went sailing over [illegible] like a bird over a bee in a glass, showing the dexterity [illegible] of the fishing and rowing, and eliciting pretty screams and [illegible] laughs from the ladies, as a consciousness equal [illegible] to the occasion, "bobbed up to her water."

[illegible] The pickerel were very sobered in about seven foot [illegible] and the "Jack" was soon fastened to a good one, and [illegible] by the boat of the thing.

[illegible] Jack had the real old "Hyer" with him in the mail boat, [illegible] and though we had all "eye pond" to think out of, he [illegible] had up by the gore, spiritually speaking.

[illegible] And when was most exciting, the man would round [illegible] a boat, too, every little while, just to windward of us, [illegible] and the "Jack" would [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

CHAMBERS VS. COOPER.

Much time has been any matter of speculation, betting and discussion in regard to who really was the bona fide Champion of the Type, Robert Chambers or Robert Cooper, the question seems to have been satisfactorily settled, owing to an alleged foul at their last meeting. That state of excitement and betting, which led up to the present match, which was made in May last for £200 a side. Both men are scullers of first class repute, Chambers especially, as Americans well know by the efforts that were made to get on a match between him and Joe Ward of Cornwall. The race was fixed to take place on Sept. 8th, and soon after 6 o'clock P. M. they started for

THE RACE.

Chambers took the lead at the start, with a powerful stroke, Cooper, half a boat's length in the rear, took short and rapid strokes, and instead of gaining on his adversary, the gap widened. Chambers did, to seat her along by a succession of quick jerks, and improved materially, but not so highly effective as the practice of his opponents. At the first 100 yards, Cooper slightly drew upon Jackson, and at the Doulton works the Champion could scarcely hold his yards in front. The people on the shore, who had bedded their siblings, gave Cooper big cheers as they saw the Middlesex favorite lick up the lead of "Dick's" Chambers" "would be heard high above all. The backers of Cooper were elated, as it put blood into their hopes and improved their hot. Some dyash beauty to revive their drooping spirits, and the majority flatly agreed that Chambers had the foot of it. He gave Cooper his back-wash, and so eager and elated were he and his friends that they forgot, until it was too late, the chance that he was steering directly into the bell of a boat moored at the gravesiles. He foulsd it most effectually, and not only made a dead scuppage, but in the rough state of the weather he was obliged to go ashore and some time in order to free himself from the impediment. Cooper, taking prompt advantage of this accident, put on a spurt, and rowed ahead. No sooner was Chambers free, than he started in pursuit, and was rapidly regaining his lost ground, when with his left hand he fouled a second time, and once across that Chambers was beaten. Anthony rowed along Chambers, now on the south side of the Thames, and he assured the distance between them to three-quarters of a length, and it was a pure satisfaction to rowed than this rose between the two champions of the Type, as they squared opposite the people's boat-house. They had completed a mile in nine minutes, and were now struggling side by side almost, and neither but little advantage in either. Cooper gained a slight lead, and as they went up the channel between the Ainsle Island and the Surrey land, it was supposed by some that Chambers was beaten. This was not the case, Chambers, rowing close to shore, was creeping rapidly up, and was nearly level with Cooper, when a foul occurred, the rigs and last sculls of both men locked, and they were at a moment or two both stopped, as if locked together. After struggling a few seconds, Chambers and Cooper separated with a slight lead, but Chambers catching him, the two went on, back level with back, for a few lengths when they neared the Ship, and was cheered to the echo by the excited people who witnessed it. But suddenly a change came over the aspect of the contest when opposite Sir William Armstrong's Works, and about a mile and a half had been traversed, Chambers was seen to flag, as it boasts, and the betting, which had been at evens at starting, bounded up to 5 to 4 on Cooper (offered), but no takers. Cooper kept on in front, and amidst a roar of tremendous excitement, he neared crowing, and then put his sculls down, and the race was done at hand. His skiff was full of water, and before he reached the public-box at the Ancient Order of Wales, he was in immediate danger of being swamped. He was lifted on board the steamer, when he received hearty congratulations, as the moment were probably bitterly disappointed at the result, and thought they might sustain. The skiff was drawn up, and in the canvas covering of the stern a large hole was discovered, about five feet in front of the body of his boat. This hole, Chambers said, had been made by Cooper's boat, and he had the fact attributed sudden stoppage. Cooper rowed leisurely over the course, and after some time, was followed by the Sherwood Judge's official boat. He then rowed under the bridge and completed the course. After which the decision of the referee was looked for with some curiosity. The backers of Cooper seemed to have no doubt that they had won, while the friends of Chambers appeared to entertain best faint hopes of a decision in their favor. Both men, it was said, had up their sculls to have a look at the foul, and both umpires had claimed a foul for their respective men. As soon, in effect, as Cooper had completed the course, Mr Oldham gave an official intimation of the result. He declared his decision to be that of "no foul," and upon being asked the ground for this decision, he said that both men were in their own water when the alleged foul occurred; that they had adjusted it, but that either had claimed the foul in due order; and therefore he decided the no foul. This announcement produced the greatest consternation amongst Cooper's party, and was received with yell by the friends of Chambers. It had been believed that Cooper had won, and he had been cheered and slightly greeted as the last result had been known; but when the decision was made, the populace on the banks cheered lustily.

THE SECOND RACE.

The conditions of the match required that the men, in case of "foulin' or no race," were to pull another, which is specified number of days from the first race. Under this arrangement the friends of the men had a meeting on Thursday morning to consider the matter, and it was the general opinion that it would be proved of at six o'clock the same evening. The news spread with extraordinary rapidity, not only in the town, but for some miles around. Probably, during the afternoon thousands found their way into the town, by rail and steamer, and every channel by which the time proceeded, the multitude augmented amazingly, and, at the appointed time, a vast crowd was assembled upon the Chelsea bridge to witness adjusting the Mansion-house, from which Chambers is a resident, and Cooper's residence, and stopped with his boat, was launched, and admirable pulled down the river, Chambers leading, and Cooper following in footing, and it took his boat rapidly ahead, and away from his opponent's skull stroke. Cooper, however, followed quickly, his wake, and he evidently improved, and advanced to the Minnors' Turns but he made very little progress in reducing the pretty solid gap that had been put between his Cooper's stroke were short, but had he brought into requisition the long grand stroke he could not have failed to win. The men had rowed two fired much bother. The water was lumpy and strong, and Cooper, with his very quick stroke, was at a disadvantage, and, indeed, went far to prove that to the chance. Chambers, who had from the first rowed very close to the shore, was often in great danger of coming in contact with small boats and other craft, and, in the previous race, also, but the warning cries of the excited assemblage generally made him aware of his position. In this race he was, at times, more increasing his lead of every few yards, and although Cooper often spurted he undoubtedly, in fact, never lessened the gap then, it was to no purpose, and Chambers eventually won by not less than two hundred yards. Cooper, on his return, was accompanying lead, was two to one on Chambers, with few takers. It is understood that a second match will be made between the two to present Chambers with a silver cup, as a mark of public respect and esteem. Chambers and his friends, after the race, Cooper rowed under Sotlewood Bridge amply 1 min. 4 secs. after the winner.

A FIGHT NOT FIGHTED.—On Wednesday, Aug. 31st, Young Higgins and Taylor, of Derby, met in the Nottingham district, to fight for £5 a side, and a stake of £25 aside. At the appointed time at different places, the authorities proved too powerful for the pugilists, and they had to return to Nottingham without fighting at any definite result. Whether was punished to any extent in the few hours that were thought of, we do not know, but the combatants "hob" sufficiently long to warn them to their work. They met again on Sept. 1st, at Derby, and agreed to be on the ticks to fight on Monday, Sept. 5th, and in accordance with this they met and fought for a "pony" apiece, during which, the prize ring-and-ready rounds were contested, both receiving considerable punishment. Higgins was assisted by Jack Bailey, and Edward Magan, Taylor by Jack Terry and Dan Clark. The police got a stop to the fight, and an attempt to carry over remaining stage to the afternoon, the authorities once more interfered. The stakes then ordered the belligerents to appear at the office in the morning of the 6th, both parties agreeing to this and place. Taylor showed up at the proper hour, but Higgins was not there, and as another hour to arrive, considering that sufficient grace, but Higgins showed, and the referee then declared that Taylor was the winner of the fight.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Cambridge crew who fought at each weight, for £1 a side, on Aug. 30th, what night, and the boat was partly contested in 2 hours 8min., have agreed to draw the stakes.

THE DERBYSHIRE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The London Ring, Club was decided on Sept. 6th, in the Thursday, the contest being for the stake "The Dove," to the Aqueduct at Pelsey. There were three entries, and the race was an exciting one, and was finally won by Harry Gurr in Elmin dance, his opponents' time being, Peter Johnson, 8min; David Pamphlin 10min.

EXTRAORDINARY MATTING MATCH.—The match for the dogs of Messrs Shaw and Sanders, to destroy 100 rats, for £50, was decided at the Queen's Head Tavern, Bermondsey, on Saturday night, in the presence of a number of the sporting fraternity. Much money was staked, as it was the second match of the kind decided. Both the dogs are named Fincher, Saunder's a white one, and long considered the champion, if Mr Shaw's old, and weighs 18 lbs. Shaw's is a brindled, 17 pounds old, 34½ lbs. A heavy sum depended upon the result, Shaw's favorite. Mr. Sanders, the owner, then was referee, and Mr. R. Pearson timekeeper. While Fincher (the Champion) destroyed 50 rats, the dog of his has well known his style, and for the first 100 looked like a winner, destroying that number 5 min. Shaw's dog then commenced, and was first out of and when "all dead" of the 200 was called, 30 min. 45 sec. had elapsed. The Champion's dog was well seconded by Mr. Pearson, Shaw's dog's style, as commenced, astonished the gentlemen present, and when the 200 was called, Shaw's dog had destroyed 18 rats, 20 sec., then winning the match and the Champion's probably 8 min. 1 sec. to spare.

WRESTLING MATCH.—A match, which excited considerable interest, was decided at Highlander Grounds, Gibbam, on the 5th inst., in the presence of a large number of persons, for £5 a side, between Wm. Lowe, of Wallworth, top Rodbiale, and John Hadley, of Gibbam, the conditions being best two falls in three, Lancashire style, and to catch one, for £25 a side, and further sum to stand or fall by the result of the match, as some are desired it to be. Lowe, at the appointed time (thirty o'clock), the competitors were in the ring, and the announcement published, and after some good wrestling Hadley brought the man to grass in an unfortunate. The betting now between 3 to 1 on Hadley. After the usual rest, the next again came on, and August away at each other for about one hour. The middlemost became so tiring that the spectators broke in the ring. The greatest confusion now reigned for about a quarter of an hour, many persons declaring that Hadley had won by getting a second throw, but the umpires (Mr. Joseph Bailey), decided that such was not the case. The umpires said that Mr. J. Chadwick (proprietor), decided that Mr. Bailey, of Leicester, restored, the match proceeded, but Lowe again threw his man with the utmost ease in a few minutes, and was thus declared the winner.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A QUICK MATCH between W. Whittaker and Sam. Isherwood, at Cross Manchester on Aug. 29th. The stakes were only a moderate sum, £10 a side, with stakes not exceeding £5|n. in distance, 4 minutes, pace, and 2½ minutes rest. There was only a moderate attendance, and no one present appeared disposed to bet, and the betting was in the rural. Isherwood, Whittaker by nine shots, the score at the finish being—Whittaker, 41; Isherwood, 32.

PUTTING THE TURNOUT.—When the United States Government called upon the United States National Guard to rally round the flag for the purpose of putting down the rebellion, the commanding officers thereto, while being intelligent in some things, were totally ignorant of the duties pertaining to the military. The Forty-ninth Ohio National Guard, commanded by Col Jo Vent, was ordered to report at Johnson's Island. One of the companies, upon disembarking, was ordered to fall in and march off by the captain, who did not know a single command, in this manner, the company commenced, "Get into two rows, and march onwards, as you did yesterday."

THE RACE BETWEEN.—"Come, don't be timid," said a couple of silly maids to a bashful young man, who was sitting at a table, "we are equal." "We should have to blow out our brains to do that," was the reply.

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Oh, ye who love the bright creation
Of the actor and the bard,
In your hearts let the actor's station
Only of pity and regard.
Let the actor's life be cheered
Always given whether paid;
Let the actor find the reward
Rarely given the harvest field.

Toiling for the bright ideal:
Thus a thousand hearts expired,
Never gained the wished-for goal.
Yet the heart of life is wrecked,
Yet who shall blame the actor's station,
Thinking pay and primacy gains,
Little know the toiler daily
Of the weary actor drains.

Ring of night to sculpt ideals,
From the great ones in the stage,
Tell no soon the play is ended!
Then is read your page
Sob him in his chamber, lonely,
Forgetting of the nerves of life,
Wearing smiles for public only,
Where some have a cold and heart.

In the present ever banished,
Poverty to shock his sim,
Ever seeking the ideal
In the very path to fame,
Ever the thoughtless one behind him,
Death usurps his brilliant prize,
Leaves a mournful band made o'er him,
Offers a brother actor lies."

GOING FOR FISH

AND

Catching a Duck.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PLUTO OF CONNECTICUT.

Well, Boys of your readers are aware, but not all of them, are of what there is a pond of "old Rye" on Westchester County, adjoining New York about "an hour" from the city, which pond is known as a genuine "Sportman's Hall," where the Clarence and other good things can always be found. This is not a pond of real Monongahela, but the water is pure and good in a mixture of Glard of Bourbon, saw can tonify the most solemn experience.

And of a scene when we went there pickerel fishing in an early days ago, the chapter bears testimony.

Clarence was a choice party of us, some Gothamites, one night in Clarence's cottage, a beaker of Hamilt's from the "Monongahela city of Pittsburg, and a fair sprinkling of the sweet-scented part of creation, commonly known as pickerel bellies.

"We got there early, and get Prince Jerome to prepare breakfast by hosts; lime, bailes and so forth. For a grand time, this morning, we must have our fish, and the pickerel seek it in a season of lemonade and sherry cobblers, to keep us from sunstrikings.

At fish the boats were ready—one, an ancient whale boat, long named as Jack Bunce, was selected by your humble writer and the and a couple of others, who meant fish, and not fun and flirting. The "Lady of the Lake," a pretty skiff, was selected by Mr. Alexander, our hero from the "Monongahela city," who of course had a boy of his own with Jerry Bunce, a regular "Jerry" of the "Monongahela city," which once did duty as a fourth outer to a ship. In the boat Jerry took in the pickerel party, and well supplied with sandwiches, we started for the fishing ground.

We in the whale boat, well supplied with live bait and good tackle, and pickerel by a sufficient number of fishes, but not left to pieces in the Army of the Potomac, leaving the pickerel party to dance and for pound pickerel with Jerry, the party in the outer, not so amatteur, were soon in the fishing ground, and commenced fishing, and we "Jerry" the pickerel not by the bushel.

King Alexander, with one trolling line out, and one of the ladies opposite, at the end of it, soon landing over the side of the lake like a wild rover as he is, showing his dexterity, and the ladies screaming, and stealing pretty persons and his beautiful pable from the ladies, as an occasional squall from great pickerel knowing under water.

Jerry, with his pickerel party, he shout seven feet pickerel, with a beautiful tines and lake-wood bottom, but he "Jerry" the pickerel.

Also had the real old "Pluto" with him in the hall boat, and he had a good time, and he "Jerry" the pickerel, and had no by the oars, spiritually speaking.

Jerry, in the boat, sampling enough to feast hundredonly, "Jerrying" the pickerel, and poor Alec, in the whale boat, "Jerrying" towards the bottom. The women fairly screaming with the excitement.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE TURF BOWLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

Chamberlain vs. Cooper.

Since this there has been any amount of bantering and tinkering in regard to who was the true and champion of the Turf, Robert Chamberlain or Robert Cooper, the question not having been satisfactorily settled, and as he alleged fault at their last meeting. This state of excitement and incentives brought on the present match, which was made in May last for £200 a side. Both men are scullers of first class repute, Chamberlain especially so, inasmuch as he has by the efforts that were made to get on a match between him and Josh. Ward of Gorewall. The race was fixed to take place on Sept. 9th, and soon after 6 o'clock P. M. they started for

THE RACE.

Chamberlain took the lead at the start, with a powerful stroke. Cooper, of a lean build, is the best of the two, and a rapid stroke, and instead of propelling his shell through the water as Chamberlain did, he sent her along by a succession of quick jerks. Chamberlain, naturally, but not so highly effective as the gender style of his opponent, is in the lead for a few strokes, Cooper slightly drew upon him and at the bottle-works the Champion could have gone about two yards his opponent. The people in shoals who had assembled on the banks, were delighted at the chance they had of seeing a good, fast, and hard fought race. No sooner was Chamberlain clear than he commenced to pursue, and he soon regaining his lost ground, when with his left-hand scull he foiled a second feint, and cries arose that Chamberlain was fouled, but the referee, Mr. Chambers, now on the south side and in the broken water, immediately the distance between the two competitors was lessened, and never was a more exciting race witnessed than this race between the two champions of the Tyne, as they sped past the Newcastle Cooper's boat-house. They had completed a mile in quick minutes, and were now struggling side by side almost, and with but little advantage to either. Cooper held a slight lead, and he was first to meet up the channel between the Ouse Island and the mainland, it was supposed by some that Chamberlain was beaten. This was not so. Chambers, rowing close to shore, was creeping rapidly up, and was nearly level with Cooper, when a foul occurred, the right and left sculls of both men became crossed, and for a moment or two both stopped, as I noticed Cooper, after strenuously a few seconds they separated, and Cooper continued with a slight lead, but Chamberlain catching him, the two went on, but level with back, for a few lengths along the Meadows, and Bob was shouted to life cheer by the excited people who surrounded him. But suddenly a change came over the aspect of things, and when opposite Sir William Armstrong's Works, and about a mile and a half had been traversed, Chambers was seen to flag, as it became, and the struggle, which had been so exciting, terminated in favor of Cooper (offered). The Champion faltered a moment in rapid stroke, and emitted a roar of vociferous execration, he ceased rowing, and then put back towards the official boat, which was close at hand. His will was good, but his strength had reached the paddle-box of the "Prince of Wales," to warn immediately danger of being swamped. The boat, filled on usual manner, where he received kindness from those who at the moment were probably bitterly disappointed at the issue they thought they might sustain. His skiff was drawn up, and in the course of an hour or so the sad news had been discovered, shortly two feet in front of the body of the boat. The body was then found, and has been made by Cooper's scull in the foul, and to this he attributed his sudden stoppage. Cooper, of course, gently rowed on, and after some time, was followed to Scotswood Bridge by the official boat. He then reversed, and pulled to the bridge and completed the course. After what occurred, the decision of the referee was looked for with some curiosity. The backers of Cooper seemed to have no doubt that they had won, while the friends of Chamberlain appeared to entertain hopes of a decision in their favor. Both men, it was said, had held up their hands in token of fair, and both umpires had claimed a foul for their respective men. As soon, therefore, as Cooper had completed the course, Mr. Oldham left the boat of the match. Mr. Oldham, he declared he decided to be that of "No race," and upon being asked the ground of the decision, he said that both men were in fault, and were when the alleged foul occurred; that both had claimed it, but that neither had claimed it in due order; and therefore he decided it to be no race. This announcement produced the greatest consternation amongst Cooper's party, and they received with great joy by the friends of Chambers. It had been believed that Cooper had won, and he had been cheered and sighed greeted at on that result being known; but when the new decision was made, the populace on the banks cheered loudly.

THE SECOND RACE.

The conditions of the match required that the men, in case of "foals" or "no race," were to row over within a specified time for other from the first race. Under these circumstances, the friends of the "gem had a meeting on Tuesday evening last, to consider the matter, and it was there decided to have the match rowed off at six o'clock the same evening. The news spread with extraordinary rapidity, not only in the town, but for some miles around Newcastle, and during the afternoon people flocked in every direction to the town by rail and almost every conceivable vehicle. At the time proposed, a multitude, augmented wonderfully, had assembled to witness, if they should have the chance, the struggle. The start was from the same position from which Chamberlain was observed to commence. He rowed towards the Newcastle side, and with his long-reaches and sedate stroke, he, and he he proceeded, as Cooper, in fact, had done, with a lead of a few lengths. Cooper, with his quick and rapid stroke, followed in a length in front. After passing Dentson's Flour Mills, another foul occurred, and the Champion claimed a clear foul against the Tyne of Cooper, and his vigorous pull took his boat further away from the opposing boat. Chamberlain, however, was allowed quietly in his wake, his strokes being quickened as he advanced to the Stimmer Water Mill, and he was within a few yards of Cooper's stroke, and the people were shouting down their lungs, "Bob, Bob, Bob!" Cooper, with a MODEL ARTIST: (8 cent plates) 50 COUNTESS: or, Life among theatrical spots. (Illus) 50 THE MAN WITH CHEVEROLS: or, Life in Palaces of Paris. (Cr) 50 THE SCHOOL OF FASHION. Written by himself. (Illustrated) 40 THE ADVENTURES IN LONDON OF A LASS; or, The Sea Raw 40 THE GAY ARABELLA 40 THE WEDDING NIGHT (Illustrated) 50 THE MAN WITH THE EAGLE (in colored plates) 50 FEMALE BEAUTIES (six colored plates) 50 FEMALE BEAUTIES (six colored plates) 50 HIGH LIFE IN PARIS. (Illus size. Complete trans. 50 THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS. Illustrated 50 ALBUM OF VENUS—containing Love Tales, Fragments, Sketches, Poetry, Illustrations, &c. (Illustrated) 1 00 MADAME GIRLEY. (8 col'd plates) 1 00 THE CASE AND THE DEFENDER. Just out. (colored plates) 1 25 MOMENTS OF YOUTH UNLOCKED. (Fine steel plates) 1 25 CONFESSIONS OF A WASHINGTON BELLE. (Illustrated) 1 50 LOVE "IN A MOOD;" or, Margaret Monstrelle. (Illustrated) 2 00 OEMS FROM VENUS SIRGELLANT (ten fine steel plates, beautifully bound) 2 00 GAY NEW PARIS BOOK OUT. 16mo size. (Col'd plates) 1 50 PHOTOS IMPORTED FRENCH TRANSPARENT PLAYING CARDS 2 00 PHOTOS IMPORTED (taken from life) six for 1 00 The trade supplied with LIE PHOTOS, $10 per hundred. Address, CHARLES CLAYTON, Box 2, Philadelphia, Pa.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Chronicle of the Events and Incidents of the Theatrical, Musical and Miscellaneous Worlds.

Our Letter-Box.

We have letters for C. E. Collins, Mr. Andrews, W. C. Harper, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Ward, Harry French, Jim Wood, Jim Wood, Wm. Wood, Wm. F

THE AUSTRALIAN BROTHERS, acrobats, commence a series of engagements at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Sept. 26.

THE CHINESE ATTRACTION at the National, Cincinnati, at present, is the singing and dancing of a little couple. Miss Julia Tale and Master Alfred, Jr., have drawn excellent houses. Marietta Revel is leader of the orchestra, and attracts much attention by her playing at this theatre, which movements on the light rope.

JOHN DREW, the accomplished actor, appeared at Ford's Opera House, Baltimore, Md., Washington, D. C., on Sept. 25d, when he at Canterbury Hall, Washington, D. C., on Sept. 25d, when he crossed the stood on a rope 50 feet high and walked along, stopped, a barrow, and returned with it in the original set, the *tropic* position, which took immensely. Some 4,000 spectators gazed in wonder at his feasting. His inside performance was of a similar character. He is now in his third week at the Canterbury.

MR. MARMADUKE BLAKE, the celebrated Shakespearean, is now performing at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, where he particularly is of a very flattering nature. The lady may be seen of through her agent, M. W. Hanley.

FERLAND CARCOMON, vocalist of the Sells Union, San Francisco, died in that city the latter part of August, aged 28.

Miscellaneous.

THE PEAR FAMILY are concertizing in New York State with considerable success.

THE PARLOR OPERA TROUPE (lately performing at the Apollo Gardens, Boston) are now at Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., Oct. 2d, 4th and 5th.

THE WIZARDS are still "mystifying" the New Englanders—at time in and about the suburbs of Boston; Mammoth in Worcester, Lynn, and away from the "Pure Republic." Mammoth Cave, Mr. Dr. & Dr. Lynn, and Mr. Dr. Lynn, and Mr. Dr. Lynn, and Mr.

AMUSEMENTS.

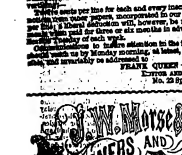
To Advertisers.

We will be the publication of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the New York Clipper, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their engagements, we will be the following schedule of rates for advertisements:

Twenty cents per line for each and every insertion; for standard or regular card, one dollar per month, incorporated in our summary, 36 cents per line; for special displays with borders, or illustrations, the regular rate will be charged for three or six months in advance. Day of publication, Saturday.

Parties desiring to make alterations in the form for that week, should send in by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and notify so addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
No. 32 Spruce street, N. Y.



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CARD.—In the Mercury of Sunday, Sept. 19th, there was article stating that "extra fees are behind the manager the Variety Theatre," and expressing a hope that "the proprietor or stage manager will interfere." We, the undersigned, wish it to be understood that during our connection with the Variety we have never used a boxed ticket system. Therefore, the statement that "extra fees freely" is false. Co-operation with the proprietor or stage manager will interfere, we could hand behind the scenes, and sometimes, but very seldom, a bottle of ale or two will be ordered, but that is drank among the boys and, except on very rare occasions, this is no more than is drunk in all theatres, and we protest against the intimation that we do the article alluded to, and claim for the Variety stage as much order and propriety as any other theatre in the country. The proprietor fully knows at such seasons, his theatre being too large for an audience to be properly attended by them; but at all seasons we are there; we have some regard for our reputations, and consider the article in question a libel on the theatre and a slander on the people employed in it.

Dated, Hoboken, Sept. 15, 1864.

WM. ANNA NATHAWAY, AUGUSTA HAINEHAU,
MISS SOPHIE WALTON, MISS CARALINE,
FRANCES LE ROY, MISS COSTELLA,
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THE ORIGINAL CHRISTY'S ONLY GENUINE
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Who will be found at the end of the week or sooner, if not sooner, if he pleases, with the assistance of whiskey and cigars, and the only agent (working with distinctive patronage) of the programmes, and the only person who has the privilege of going in the rain to sitting in a severe storm to receive the money for the programmes. Respectfully the above, he can only be found at the stage door of the Olympic Theatre, in the late employ of nine years' standing: Manager, George C. Boniface; Stage Manager, Mr. Wallack; Leading Man, J. R. Warner, and his present employers, Letters can be addressed to the care of the Olympic.
THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER.
THE WHOLE WORLD WILL WAKE!
1867.....1864. 25-10

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Query—Is this the signature of such managers valuable? My wife and I are unable to perform during the opening week, and she was promptly discharged. Query No 2: Did Sol C. & Co., make any agreement with me by the week?

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In conclusion, I would express my gratitude to Messrs. C. & Co., for their unparalleled generosity in engaging in the "Highland Sensation."

Yours respectfully, JAS. BUCKLEY.

P.S.—Gaiters Gaiter Gaiter Gaiter

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WILLIE BROWN.

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